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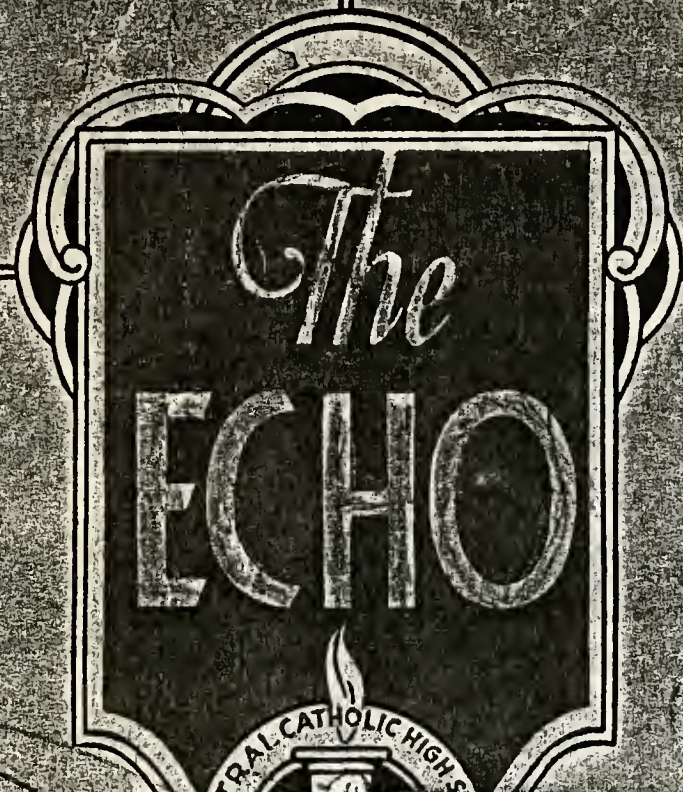
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Central Catholic High School
(Fort Wayne, Ind.)
The echo

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Mr. Karthol
9090 Washington
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Mr. Karthol:
I am writing to you
to inform you that
the school is now
open.

Feb 1931

v. 16, no. 2

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The Echo

Published four times a year, December, February, April, and June, by the Students of
Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Vol. 16

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2

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Entered as Second Class Matter, December 15, 1919, at the Post Office at Fort Wayne,
Indiana, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.



To BROTHER JUSTIN, C.S.C.

Athletic Director and former Faculty Advisor of The Echo, this issue is
affectionately dedicated.

The Echo

Vol. 16

No. 2

Stars

One by one they fade away;
Their work is done, the sky is gray.
All night they shone a light of love
From Heaven's throne so far above.

The last has vanished in the sky;
The night is banished; day is nigh.
The darkened gray will turn to light
And the break of day will cancel night.

—Bernard Niezer, '33.

Peter The Great

As time passes on, we begin to forget the great men of the past who have helped to civilize nations, advance the sciences, and abolish bad government. We think only of the present-day accomplishments and not of the men who laid the foundations upon which present-day men are building. So let us turn back the pages of history and look upon one of the greatest men, in the civilization of Russia, in fact, one of the greatest men of all Europe—Peter the Great of Russia.

Peter ascended the throne at the age of seventeen and found the country in a poor state of affairs. The country had no water frontage save on the Arctic ocean. Its commercial interests were chiefly with the caravan trade of Eastern Asia. It was Peter's mission to make Russia a country of Europe. The first thing he accomplished was to turn the loose militia of Russia into a com-

pact standing army. His next step was to take the Sea of Azov to obtain a footing on the Black sea.

After this was finished, he left the capital and set out on a tour through Europe. Arsenal and manufacturing establishments were visited. Instruments and models were purchased and sent home to be imitated. He cruised on board Dutch and English ships and whenever he found a workman, an architect, or officer, or an engineer of ability, he invited him to come to Russia, under promise of liberal pay. In this way he attracted a large number of men of ability to his empire.

One day in the year 1697 the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of a rich shipbuilder and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular; his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck; his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eyes glanced from one object to another with remarkable rest-

lessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted while he addressed in a guttural but not unmusical voice.

The duke inquired the name of the workman and was told that it was a certain Peter Boas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching he entered into conversation with him on matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing a stranger of foreign costume appeared holding a letter in his hands; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The duke was well aware that, in the thin disguise he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Peter Boas was Peter the Great, the despot of all the Russians; a man, who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to resene it.

On returning home to Russia he established schools of navigation and mathematics. In 1724 he founded the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, the city which he appointed as the capital of Russia. He reformed the calendar, adopted improved methods of collecting taxes and paying obligations. He opened up the mines of Russia and established forges. It is said that Peter "knouted Russia into civilization."

All will agree that Peter was a man of genius and tremendous energy and that he accomplished wonders for Rus-

To Mary

Your eyes of blue, ever true,
Filled with wondrous greeting,
From afar like a star,
Me to rapture treating.

You're ever cheerful, never fearful,
Always full of love;
True to duty, graced with beauty,
Full of light from above.

Your soul was white, ever right,
Always filled with pity;
Your face is here, ever near,
O Queen of Heaven's city.

You are the mother of Another
Who rules the world from high;
We greet and entreat you,
Mistress of earth and sky.

—John Nagelsen, '31.

What Happened to Loomis

It was on the morning of November 13, 1917. The sun had not yet put in its appearance over the rolling hills that almost completely surrounded a long row of temporary hangars. Situated little more than twenty-five miles from German territory, this naturally protected spot was ideal for the very purpose that it at that moment fulfilled. Although in pre-war days it had been a peaceful dairy farm, with contented-looking cows munching grass on the hillsides and gazing blandly down on the flat stretch below where dwelt their owner and his wife, it was now designated at headquarters simply as "Airdrome B, 109th Squadron, American Flying Corps."

Gray streaks of chilling mist floated in and out between the hangars and

sia in the face of bitter and treacherous opposition both at home and abroad.

—Steve Michaelis, '31.

across the field. Through the wisps of vapor rushed a number of mechanics and "grease-monkeys" with cans of oil and buckets of "pete" and little short ladders. Their attentions seemed to be centered on a row of "one-seaters" that had already been lined up before the hangars. Through the early morning haze one could hear calls of "contact," and then the sputter and roar of motors and propellers. Mechanics climbed in and out of cockpits yelling instructions to the "monkeys" and trying to be heard above the roar. Five ships trembled under the strain of their motors, for these ships were being warmed up for the usual dawn patrol.

A group of seven men stood before the canteen. Five of these men would, within the next few minutes, climb into the five waiting cockpits and roar off to the east. The other two, one of them the flight commander, would go inside and hope that all of them would come back, or four of them at least.

The men smoked cigarettes, inhaling every drag deep into the lungs as though they knew it might be their last smoke. For the most part they talked cheerfully, though one of them, a chap by the name of Portor, was outwardly annoyed at being called upon to get up so early in the morning.

"I don't see why they can't fight this war in the daytime," he grumbled.

"Cheer up," laughed Harris. "You can be back in bed by nine o'clock, and maybe you'll have a couple more planes to your credit. Think how much sweeter your dream will be."

"I'd rather do my sleeping now," Portor answered, unconvinced by the argument.

At last the ships were warmed up and ready. The commander gave brief instructions to his men and shook hands with each. Harris was to lead the flight, Smith and Rogers were to take their position behind him, and Portor and Loomis were to bring up the rear.

"And I want you all back here by nine o'clock," the commander added. "—preferably alive."

"Have breakfast ready for us," said Loomis, "and tell Pастey not to fry my egg quite so hard—and to keep his thumb out of the coffee."

The men spoke no words of farewell among themselves, though each of them knew that according to the law of averages only three, or possibly four, of them would come back. Unless they were lucky enough, or unlucky enough, depending on how you look at it, not to meet up with an enemy squadron, there was little chance that the group would come back intact.

"Watch yourself, Loomis," yelled Harris as he climbed into the cockpit. He wanted to say something to his pal by way of a farewell, but that would be a sign of weakness. It would show that he at least entertained fears of the outcome of the flight, and should they both come back it would make him feel silly. Besides, if he attempted a farewell, he might become sentimental without wanting to be.

"Oh-kay," Loomis yelled back. He had the same inner feelings that Harris had and for the same reasons was reluctant to express them. But after all, hadn't he and Harris lived together at college, and hadn't they both joined up to do their bits in the interests of democracy on the same day and at the

same enlisting post? Hadn't they trained together and hadn't they stuck together like brothers ever since? But then they might both come back, probably would, and Harris would laugh at him if he became sloppy now.

Harris raised his arm and looked around to see if the others were ready. His head bowed down into the cockpit as he pulled the gas lever back. There was a mighty roar as the five ships began to move. Five control sticks were pushed slightly forward and five tail skids raised gently off the ground. Again Harris raised his arm and the control sticks were jerked vigorously back. With a zoom the five ships roared up over the hills and darted off to the east.

For ten minutes Harris kept a course almost directly east; then, giving the signal to his four followers, he headed the flight northward. He looked about to see if everything was all right. Loomis, to his right and about two hundred feet to the rear, waved at him and grinned. Harris waved back a sign of caution which plainly showed that he was anxious about something. Perhaps he had a "hunch," a queer bit of superstition which among aviators is quite excusable.

Harris scanned the sky, up and down, to the right and to the left. Nothing in sight. The sun was now visible over the eastern border of the landscape and he was able to see for fifty miles or more. They were now about ten or fifteen miles within German territory. Still nothing in sight.

He looked at his altimeter. Ten thousand feet. Not quite high enough, he thought. These German flyers delight in dropping in on the enemy from above. There was an extremely high

ceiling that morning and the "bouche" would no doubt be up high. He gave the signal to climb. Twelve thousand, fifteen thousand. That was about right. He leveled off and headed back to the west, constantly watching the sky in every direction.

A machine gun popped behind him. He turned. Loomis was waving madly and pointing below and to the front of them. The gleam of a freshly lacquered wing tip reflecting the rays of the sun caught his eye. Straining his eyes he saw, far below them, a squadron of six enemy planes. The flash of the wing tip came only intermittently, which indicated that the planes were maneuvering strangely. The sun was behind them. The plane would have to be flying almost straight up in order to reflect the sun's rays to them. Evidently the German flight leader had seen them first and was desperately striving for altitude before they were discovered.

Quickly Harris wagged his wings, which was the signal for attack. They at least had a slight advantage over the enemy with respect to position, though the enemy's advantage of one plane would far outbalance that once the actual fighting began.

Pushing his stick forward and over and kicking the rudder bar vigorously, Harris went into a short spiral. Straightening out, and feeding his motor all the gas it would take, he zoomed down upon the enemy squadron which, due to its frenzied attempts to climb, did not then have sufficient speed to escape. The others followed close behind him, machine guns spitting at the fleeing ships.

Almost before one knew what it was all about, the fight for life was on

Harris had dived straight into the enemy squadron and had succeeded in cutting off the last two planes from their comrades. Loomis and Portor immediately tailed one of these and raked its fuselage with steel from end to end in almost the twinkling of an eye. Its occupant flinched as though wounded. Its propeller stopped. The German went into a long dive in an attempt to start his motor, but either a cylinder had been cracked by the bullets or the gas line had been severed. With a congenial wave of farewell to his two pursuers, the German nosed down toward a distant field, knowing that he was within his own territory and that his life was safe.

From then on it was a "dog fight"—plane to plane, man to man, and the advantages were equal on both sides. Loomis and Portor each picked a free man and joined the desperate struggle for advantages. The man Loomis picked was an extremely wily Dutchman, as several bullet holes in his control board would indicate. He felt another graze his helmet and went into a barrel-roll. Then, just as suddenly, he was on the Dutchman's tail and pumping "smokers" at him for all he was worth. Around and around in a great circle they went, the German trying futilely to get away from his spitting Vickers. As long as Loomis could guess just what the Dutchman was going to do he was all right. All he had to do was the same thing and he would end up still in the position of advantage, ready to pump more bullets at him in the hope that one would take effect.

The German pulled back his rudder and zoomed straight upwards. Loomis kept close on his tail. Upwards and

upwards they went, gradually and gradually losing speed. In a flash Loomis saw what the wily German was up to. He was banking everything on the hope that his pursuer's plane was slightly less powerful than his own and he would be able to out-climb him. Gradually Loomis' ship lost speed. Before long it would stop altogether and go into a "stall." It would slip backwards and he would be forced to dive. In that event he would be at the mercy of his opponent, who would quickly dive upon him.

The only other alternative was to level off and keep his altitude. The German would still have the advantage, but something told Loomis that the latter maneuver was the better of the two. Perhaps he could keep clear of the other fellow's bullets and eventually get his old position back; just how he didn't know.

Pushing his stick forward he caught his ship in time to prevent a stall. The German was watching him closely and quickly dropped into position behind him. The glass over his altimeter smashed into a thousand bits and Loomis knew that the fellow's aim was too good to be comfortable. Just a little to the left and the bullet would have gone through his head.

Suddenly Loomis got an idea. The other plane was more powerful than his own, as its pilot had so cleverly demonstrated. It was also a speedier plane and had a slightly less wing resistance. Just as the other pilot had out-powered him, why couldn't he out-slow the other fellow. He was sure his ship could travel at a slower rate of speed than the other ship and still stay in the air. Provided the other

(Turn to Page 29)

A Pencil

I'm here to tell you I am great,
For small though I may be
I write and write and never quit
Till there's no lead in me.

I never will desert you,
I stand all your abuse,
I write until I'm much too short
To be of any use.

Whenever a mistake you make
I surely fix it right;
I rub and rub till all is out,
Begin once more to write.

Whenever I grow blunt and dull
You whittle, grind or cut,
Till either I am very short
Or used completely up.

—John Reed, '31.

Asleep in Songland

'Twas 'In the Good Old Summer Time' when I was strolling the "Side-walks of New York" that I was greeted by "Mary", "The Girl of My Dreams." We "Kangaroo Hopped" right to "Old Broadway" where they "Tickle the Ivories" like "Fanchonette" used to back in "Old Virginny." Soon I realized that "Night Comes When Day Is Gone" and it was "One Wonderful Night." While dining at the "A La Carte" I learned that "Love Will Make or Break a Man." I spoke of a "Spoony Dance" but she said, "They're Not Doing That This Season." "Take Me to Sunshine Land."

There I saw "Ben Bolt," "The Man Who Owns Broadway." I said, "Ben, 'Think It Over Carefully' 'Some Other Time' but now 'This Heart of Mine' needs 'M-O-N-E-Y,' this 'Pal O' Mine' is the 'Belle of the Rink'."

He said "I'm Awfully Strong for

You" "I Won't Give In," "Then You'll Remember Me."

I explained to "Mary" and she said, "'I Don't Care' 'I Am Going to Marry a Nobleman'."

I felt like "The Last Rose of Summer" just leaving. "The Rest of the World Go By."

While strolling in "Memory's Garden" I thought of "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," and, although I couldn't "Take Joy Home," I took "The Baltimore Bombashay" "Across the River" and followed the "Long, Long Trail" "From the Land of My Dreams" to "San Antonio" "My Home Town."

"At Twilight" I arrived at "My Little Gray Home in the West" and there was "Mother" singing "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight" to "Baby Jim." "A Little While" and I was in "Happy Moments."

Bang! "The Chocolate Soldier," from the top of "The Haunted Cask," shot my "Dreams" and woke me in time for another one of those "School Days."

—Charles Freistroffer, '31.

Trouble

I was looking for my auto
But the thing I couldn't find;
I looked in every crevice—
It was this "pee-wee" kind.

Then finally I discovered it
Beneath a rocking chair;
I know not how it got in this place,
Maybe "Spot" dragged it there.

I finally got into it
All set to have some fun;
But I couldn't get it started—
It was stuck on Beech Nut gum.

Francis Kartholl, '33.

Lifeguard, Save My Child!

Cornelius Whoopineoff was up to his neck in water. It was a fine day, a fine day for a swim, and Cornelius was doing just that thing. He, his wife, and his baby, had journeyed to Rex Beach in the state of Florida for just that purpose. Since it was a fine day and since Cornelius was feeling quite spirited, he couldn't resist the temptation of swimming beyond the safety rope to further benefit by the sun's rays, which by the way, he wasn't supposed to do.

Yes, it was a fine day, and Cornelius floating lazily in the swelling waters was certainly glad of the chance to be away from—

"Hey you! You can't swim out there! Watchertinkdisis?"

That life guard again. How stupid of him to say such a thing. "Is that right? Who says I can't? Watch me—see? I'm swimming!"

Resuming his floating position, Cornelius continued his train of thought. Let's see, at what station was he? Oh yes. He was glad of the chance to be away from Mrs. Whoopineoff and the baby Helen. It's not often that a married man is left to himself like this thought he. But wait—was he? A horrible thought struck him full in the face. Hadn't Mrs. Whoopineoff left the baby with him when a few friends came along to take her riding? He remembered distinctly that he had been urged to go along, and had declined saying that he would rather stay on the sands with the baby and perhaps read a while. Then he had fallen asleep suddenly while reading "Film Fun," and upon just as suddenly awakening, had decided to go for a swim.

The alarming thought of his dear baby completely alone back there on the beach, or worse still swept out to sea by the incoming waves, sent him frantically struggling in the water.

Mr. Whoopineoff was a nervous man. And this situation in which he now found himself was very trying to the nervous system. Kicking, and flinging his hands wildly about, he began swimming about excitedly, and calling at the top of his voice: "Helen!—my poor Helen!—Helen—my baby Helen—Helen!!!"

Let us wander back to the beach. On the life guard roost two husky individuals were sitting. "Whew!" said Hunk, the bigger of the two big huskies, mopping his brow. "Dis is coitanly one hot day. I hopes we don't have any work to do."

Chunk, the smaller of the two big huskies, shrugged his shoulders. "Me too. But I'd feel heaps better if dat goof out dere on the other side de rope would come back where he b'longs."

"Hey, Chunk, lookit 'im! He's got a cramp or sump'n. Holy cats!! Now he's callin' help. Listen at dat guy! Guess dere ain't no justice. Let's go."

* * *

"Let me go, I tell you! I'm all right. Lemme go!! O my poor baby Helen!?"

"Grab 'is legs, Hunk, while I socks 'im. Dat's da best way t'treat dese kinda guys. —Dere! Dat'll fix 'im. Alright, Hunk. Got 'im? Alright, clear the way. Outa da way, youse guys. Wantcha see we got a guy here what's drownin'?"

"Get 'em people outa da way, Chunk, sos we kin giv'im air. —Lay 'im right here. Alright, folks, don't crowd around!"

But the blow had not been satisfac-

tory. Cornelius came to, appalling thoughts of his baby accompanying his revived senses. He jumped to his feet, leaving the life guards aghast.

"Say, Hunk, dat guy must have a hard head. Am I seein' things? Lookit 'im run! 'Magine a guy comin' to dat quick!"

Up and down the beach Cornelius ran, waving his arms and shouting wildly for his baby. Then, after a delirious search of the beach, he ceased his raving, became calmer, and approached the life guards.

"My poor baby!!" he cried. "Help me find her! She's been swept out to sea by the waves! Right this way—see? There's her rattle floating out there on the water! Do something, you idiots! Oh, this is terrible!!"

Mr. Woopineoff's excitement had its effect. Soon life guards, bathers and all were aiding in the search for the baby's body. All was confusion on the beach. No one had seen the baby, but under Cornelius' agitated pleadings, all became firmly convinced that a baby had been sucked into the sea and perhaps drowned.

It was during this pandemonium that a car drove up to the beach, Mrs. Woopineoff and her party descended, and, seeing the confusion, hurried down the beach to the scene. Cornelius ceased his frantic supervision and stared fixedly ahead. There was Mrs. Woopineoff and the baby safe in her arms.

"B-b-but I thought—" It was hard for Cornelius to compose himself. "D-d-didn't—that is, I thought you left the baby with me and—th'they're looking for it!"

"Now, Corny, you know I wouldn't dare trust you with dear little Helen.

Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing! When I saw you were busy reading, I didn't want to disturb you, so I just took Helen along, and that's that."

"Hey folks!! I've found my baby! Look! Everything's all right!!" shouted Mr. Woopineoff, now extremely happy.

"Is dat so? Everythings alright, is it? Well, we'll see about that!!" growled a voice over Cornelius' shoulder.

Mrs. Woopineoff screamed. Mr. Woopineoff ran with all his might. Two life guards and thirty-seven bathers took out after Mr. Woopineoff.

Thus the story ends, and thus we leave the reader to imagine Cornelius' embarrassment when the pursuing party caught up with him.

—George F. Flannery, '31.

Collection-Dodgers

There is a saintly fellow, he sitteth in our
pew,
Who by his queer contortions, amazes me
and you;
But when the basket comes around, his
prayerbook must be read,
And so he quickly turns the page and bows
his saintly head.

—Erwin Pequignot, '31.

King Winter

King Winter has finally arrived once more,
With his blizzards of sleet and snow,
To cover the land by the turn of his hand
With snowflakes that whirl to and fro.

He covers the lakes, the streams and the
ponds
With a crystal-like cover of ice.

He could do much more with that power of
his,

But he thinks that this will suffice.

—William Suelzer, '33.

The Echo

Subscription Price - - \$1.00 per Year

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Clark and Lincoln Memorials In Indiana

The state of Indiana has now awakened to the fact that she has had two more brilliant personages within her boundaries, namely George Rogers Clark and Abraham Lincoln, to whose honor two monuments have been proposed, the erection of which is already under way.

The expenditure of one million dollars by the Federal George Rogers Clark Sesquicentennial Commission, coupled with the contribution by Knox county of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection of the Clark memorial on the site of Fort Sackville in Vincennes, is creating a rousing interest in Hoosiers and those people of the Old Northwest, where Clark's heroism had so strong a foothold. The building is to be of classical type, surrounded by massive Doric columns, and standing on a spacious base with gracefully curved edges. Mural

paintings and statuary, as well as other historic documents and material, will be contained within the interior.

Actual work is now under way toward the construction of the Lincoln Memorial in Indiana on the site of Abraham Lincoln's old home in Spencer county. For fourteen years Lincoln was a native of this state, and here Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother, died. Here in the pioneer environment of Southern Indiana his character was molded. Hence it is fitting that our best efforts be put forth toward the building of a memorial that will be expressive, simple, with pure truth of structure and grandeur of scale as was the character of Lincoln. Close to the Ohio river, on the site of the old Lincoln cabin, now the small rustic village known as Lincoln City, midway between Evansville and French Lick, this shrine to the memory of America's greatest character will be erected.

Indiana may indeed be proud of its chance to play a part in the tribute to two such famous men as these. An everlasting tribute to the honor and memory of man, these monuments will stand the test of time, and in future generations stand as a glorifying bulwark of a nation's undying gratitude and esteem.

Lincoln Museum of World Note Here

A museum containing one of the most complete collections of Lincoln literature in the world will be dedicated in Fort Wayne on the eleventh of February. It is owned by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company of this city. Dr. Louis A. Warren, regarded as one of the foremost living

authorities on Lincoln, has charge of the fifty thousand-dollar collection of Lincoln manuscripts, books, pictures, medals, and other curios.

This extensive collection offers a wonderful chance to students in research work on Lincoln. The inspirational data to be obtained from the original volumes and manuscripts of and concerning Lincoln waits as with open arms for the student with a thirst for real knowledge of an exceptional quality.

—Flannery.

Being Economical

Just how, anyway, can one be economical? There are a hundred and one different ways of practicing economy, but who knows the secret of practicing it right?

Suppose we skimp and scratch and save for two or three weeks. Why do we do it? To save money to bank for our old age? Don't make me laugh. In nine cases out of ten it is done in order to spend a big sum of money all at once; if not for our own pleasure alone, it is so we can enjoy spending it better with somebody else.

Anyone who saves money is doing it in order to spend money. So why save money? Because we get a bigger kick out of spending a huge sum all at once, obviously. Sometimes we have a lasting comfort and pleasure out of spending the huge sum, but in most cases the pleasure is temporary.

Usually the person who saves and scrimps all his life and is really well settled by middle age, finds that he is afraid to spend. He has acquired a habit of saving, and he cannot "shake it." Since he never spent any more

than he had to, he has had no pleasure spending it, and can find no pleasure doing it now that he has the money to spend.

The miser with his socks and sacks and piles of gold knows not the pleasure of spending money, and it would pain him to spend even one-fiftieth of his hoard. He has gone too far in the saving game.

Moral: Save so far; get rid of it quick; save again, spend it quicker.

—George Flannery.

The Smutty Story

It advertises your own ignorance.

It reveals the depth of defilement you have reached.

It proves to your friends how greatly they may be disappointed in you.

It stultifies the testimony of those who said you were a good fellow.

It soils the imagination of your hearers.

It hangs vulgar pictures in the inner chamber of the imaginations of other men, from which they cannot escape.

It disgusts men of finer sensibilities who care for the clean and wholesome things of life.

It nauseates good men who love fun but hate dirt.

It dishonors your parents, your friends, and your home and God.

It proves nothing but your own unworthiness.

It accomplishes nothing but your own undoing.

It convinces others that you are a good man NOT to associate with.

—Taken from a South Australian magazine.

The Zwoorder

By GERALD GROSH

Students Attend Lecture at C. C. C.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 14, the students of Central Catholic High School and St. Augustine's Academy were addressed by a very eloquent speaker, Charles Watkins. His lecture proved to be very instructive and interesting from start to finish.

Mr. Watkins is from Muncie, Ind., and is an educational director of the American City Bureau of Chicago. He is now in Fort Wayne in connection with the Achievement and Progress campaign sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Watkins related to us that we, the present-day high school students, who would in a few years be the backbone of the nation, should take advantage of such opportunities which lie before us in this busy day and age. With all the new industries which arise every day there are calls for real leaders. If we, although students as yet, strive for success we may in the future attain high positions in life.

He also called to our minds that we should realize the great worth we are to our parents and since we mean so much to them we should take advantage of every opportunity we may have for making good.

During the course of the lecture Mr. Watkins asked us to especially take note of this one sentence, "Any young man that is honest so that he can be trusted to cheek up on himself is an

executive." By this remark he meant that all our work should be thorough and not half done. We should take full responsibility in our work and see that it is done honestly and right.

As side issues to further illustrate his points, Mr. Watkins told as examples four very interesting stories. There is no doubt these stories impressed those present since they were all practical and convincingly told.

News Flashes

C. C. students spend joyful Christmas vacation.

Many C. C. alumni return from colleges for the holidays.

Yuletide formal dances well attended by students.

The New Year brings forth many resolutions from many C. C. scholars.

Mildew A. C.'s, Junior athletic organization, is still winning basketball games.

Many students attire themselves in corduroys and loud suspenders.

Howard Stang, varsity basketball guard, suffered an injured ankle.

Charles Freistroffer wins prize for the greatest number of Echo subscriptions sold.

"Frank," formerly with D. & N. soda fountain, opens new "hang out" for C. C. students.

Bill Schwartz wins \$5 gold piece awarded on the play ticket raffle.

Library Hall is filled to capacity at every game.

Central High School miniature marathon dance well represented by C. C. dancers.

Bob Bresnahan is now on varsity squad.

Many of the school's ice skaters are seen at the local skating rinks.

Brother Paul and his orchestra and glee club are making wonderful improvements in the musical field.

Latin scholars still think Cicero is all the bunk.

Senior class officers have difficulty in collecting class dues.

Senior Class to Sponsor Play

Shortly after Easter, the date is not yet announced, the C. C. H. S. Dramatic club will present their second play of the season. The production will be the annual play given under the auspices of the Senior class.

Brother Justin, C. S. C., director of dramatics, is at present reading several plays from which he will select the one to be presented. He intends to select a farce comedy. Brother Justin hopes to pick a play that will afford the opportunity for a large number of students to appear before the footlights.

Judging from the club's first presentation, "The Whole Town's Talking," the play should be a success.

Mothers Club Has Card Party

On a beautiful winter afternoon in December the C. C. Mothers club conducted a benefit card party, the proceeds of which will be given to the school. The event was held on the mezzanine floor at the Catholic Community Center. Bridge, pedro and

bunco were the games played. The event started at three o'clock. Mrs. Fullam had as her committee the Mesdames Patrick Bresnahan, Fred Romary, Michael Rebman and John Disser. The turnout was very gratifying and the president was very much pleased, as a neat sum was realized.

Baby Stuff

You see miniature autos
Whenever you look down;
And miniature golf courses
Are rampant in the town.

So evidently the people
Like miniature ways,
And I am strong in favor
Of miniature school days.

—Francis Kartholl, '33.

Cruelty

The leaves are lying on the ground
Shriveled, bent and cold
Each tree is now a skeleton
Shivering in the cold.

The cruel winds blew through them
As they stood in calm repose,
And when King Winter came along,
He robbed them of their clothes.

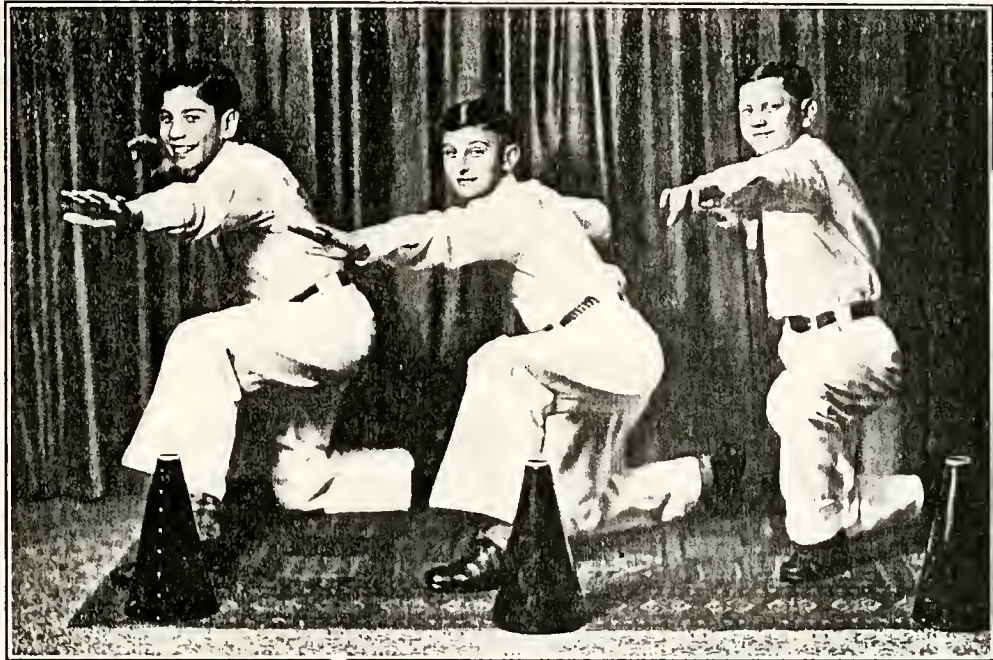
—William Suelzer, '33.

Onward

The big game comes
But once in years;
So we must help
C. C. with cheers.

And if we win
We'll yell so bold
For our good old colors—
The blue and gold.

—Oakes Stanyer, '34.



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Mysterious Actions

He was only a boy about seven or eight years old. He was walking along slowly on the road when suddenly he turned up the lane that lead to a large inauspicious-looking house.

First he took off his shoes. This done he peered cautiously into each window of the dark house. He crept around to the back of the house where there was a large barn. One of his pockets was bulging. He held his hand over it. He entered the barn cautiously and came out with his pocket still bulging. "Pop might find them there," he said to himself. He kept in the shadow of the big red barn for several minutes. Suddenly he stopped and got down on his hands and knees, then taking a last careful survey of the barnyard, put his ear to the ground, and then crawled under the barn.

He was gone fully five minutes, and when he emerged again, all covered with dirt, he said to himself, "I guess they'll be safe there, all right." Then, going to the pump he washed his right forefinger and thumb, every once in a while putting them up to his little pug nose to smell them. He rehearsed this act fully fifteen times. Then he went back to the old farm house. It was still dark. Going to the back door he slowly and quietly opened it, and after bumping into three chairs and suffering two badly-skinned knees, he arrived upstairs and entered his bedroom. Quietly but quickly undressing

"They'll be safe under the barn," he said to himself as he lay snugly under the covers. "They surely made me sick today, but they won't nine years from now. Then they'll let me smoke them."

—Francis Schauer, '33.

IV. Tenor Solo—

"Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life".....

..... Victor Herbert

Thomas Gorman

V. Part Songs—

(a) "The Rosary" Nevin

(b) "C.C.H.S. Victory March".....Shea
Daniel Peil, Piano Accompanist

The Junior Orchestra

The Junior Orchestra is continuing to make steady progress. Several new members have joined since our last mention. Carl Blee controls the "ivories." Charles Stueck, John Clemmer and Paul Obergfell comprise the trumpet section. The saxophonists are James Richardson, Ralph Garvin, Roland Martin, Robert Schwartz and William Byanski. The clarinetists are James Japp and Gregory Steigmeyer. Nelson Ottenweller and Francis Alexander play the slide trombones. Arthur Singleton is drummer, while Robert Collis is our only violinist. Each one of these boys is endeavoring to make the commencement orchestra since it assures them of a place in next year's group. Central Catholic should have a good orchestra next year and possibly a fair-sized band if next year's freshmen bring along some musicians.

Cedric Gard, '32.

Echo Files Now Complete

Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Madeline Theisman, an aunt of Louis Lehl, the issues of the "Echo" asked for in the February number have been received. The Echo staff is very grateful to Mrs. Theisman, who has made it possible for us to have a complete series of "Echoes."

Joseph Crowley, '32.

Orchestra Plays at Monroeville

The C. C. H. S. Orchestra gladly accepted the invitation of the Dramatic Club of St. John's Church to accompany them to Monroeville, where they presented "Am I Intruding?" The orchestra opened with "The Victory March" and then gave a number of popular selections. "Was That the Human Thing To Do" was the first selection in which Raymond Wilhelm and Paul Venderley gave a saxophone duet. James Butler touched the hearts of all by singing the specialty chorus of "River, Stay 'Way From My Door." "Never Too Busy" was presented next, in which Cedric Gard gave a piano solo chorus. Robert Shea gave a beautiful interpretation of "The Cuban Love Song." "Arizona Moon" was then given, in which Glenn Ansbarger played a guitar solo. Robert Laner sang the specialty chorus in "Where The Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day." Two selections were also given between each act. Judging from the number of encores that were requested, the music was enjoyed by all.

Cedric Gard, '32.

"The Bengalese" Subscription Contest

First prize in the contest for selling the most subscriptions of "The Bengalese" magazine was awarded to Andrew Kelker, a senior, on Feb. 9. Brother Anthony, C. S. C., former teacher, and at present an Associate Director of the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Society, conducted the contest, which aroused much interest among the students.

Joseph Crowley, '32.



Cast of "Daddies"

Back Row: Robert Schafer, Robert O'Brien, William Suelzer, Ralph Kelker, Richard Glassley, Cedric Gard.

Front Row: Dolores Sorg, James Tannehill, James McArdle, John Bail, Patricia Tannehill.

"Daddies"

When David Belasco produced John L. Hobble's comedy, "Daddies," in the Belasco theatre in New York in 1918, he did that for which a clean, wholesome, theatre-loving people was and ever will be grateful. Mr. Hobble gave to the theatre a comedy based on the whimsicalities of men of middle life and old age. "Daddies" is a comedy, an almost plotless one, at which one who loves the simplicity of childhood and the romance of middle age and the warm glow of the end of life will sit back and laugh and perhaps brush away a tear. There is no other play

just like "Daddies." It was not until two years ago that the play was released for amateur production. "Daddies" is a play for a child of eight or an adult of eighty. Write the words: delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful, and entertaining; draw a line under them, and "Daddies" will be the result. This comedy of childhood and old age is the offering of the boys of Central Catholic High School on the evenings of April 10 and 11, at the Catholic Community Center. See "Daddies," and live again that better part of your life in which sunshine and gladness and kindness played so fine a part.

Richard Glassley, '32.

"Daddies"—April 10 and 11

school spirit. While at C. C., Pat was validietorian and captain of the football eleven; he also took part in all school activities. Pat made a most enviable scholastic and athletic record.

George Cheveron, of the class of '20, Notre Dame '24, is successfully operating the Belmont Products Co., of South Bend, Ind., and we feel certain that no matter what field of endeavor he chooses his life will be a success.

J. Emmet Miller, Central Catholic 1924, is now employed in the office of the Western Gas Construction Co. He still takes an interest in the old school for he is seen at many football games.

Patrick W. Donahue, who was admitted to the Allen county bar several months ago, is now practicing law, with offices in the First and Tri-State Bank building. Mr. Donahue graduated from Central Catholic in 1923. He was president of his class for four years and played on the city championship football team of 1923. After graduation he enrolled at Notre Dame university, from which institution he was graduated in 1927. Then he enrolled in the Georgetown university law school, where he was graduated in 1929. He still takes great interest in the old school and the students of C. C. Last year he acted as one of the judges of the Senior oratorical contest.

Park Roussey has started his career as a partner of the Roussey Brothers' store on East Main street. He and his brother are running the store, with Park acting as the salesman. If in need of anything, regardless of what it is, just call Park at Roussey Brothers and he will get it for you.

William ("Bill") Parrot is employed in the Parrot Packing Company as the shipping elerk. "Bill," you will all remember, was the Fritz Kreisler of the orchestra last year. Although "Bill" was very quiet, he was liked by every student and will be remembered by them at the sound of every violin.

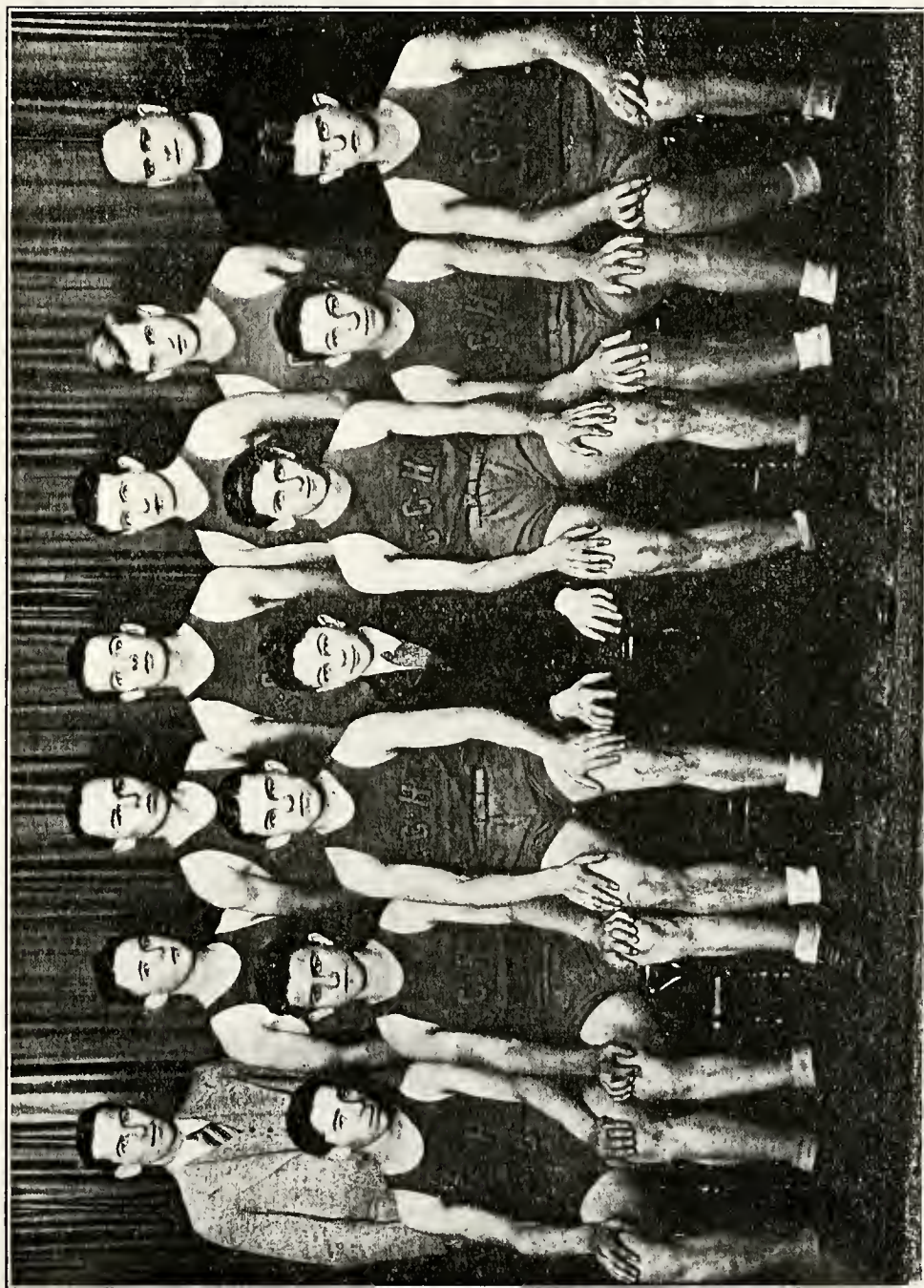
Charold Poinsett is engaged in the automobile business at the Poinsett Auto Company, dealers in Chrysler and Plymouth cars. He is learning bit by bit the necessary points in the art of salesmanship and business management.

Eugene "Gene" Huguenard, now a Sophomore at Purdue University, showed some of his great ability as a football player in the Purdue-Butler game by scoring two touchdowns. "Gene" played a few minutes in almost every game.

Calvin Manuel and Ralph Schirmeyer, Freshmen at Purdue University, are occupying a room with Frank Lynch, Don Beck, Russell Blackburn, and Eugene Huguenard. Unfortunately Robert Roesener was not able to secure a berth in the same room. Nevertheless he is a frequent caller on his old buddies.

Taking the place of Hugh Kennerk at John Carroll University, we find his brother Owen Kennerk, who has transferred his residence from Butler.

At Dayton University we have our friend, Paul Schauer, taking a very difficult course in Chemical Engineering. Paul was a regular on the Freshman football team and is a member of the rifle Club.



1930-31 Varsity Basketball Squad

Front row: H. Zuber, C. Ohse, D. Romary, C. Rehman (student manager), W. Herr, P. Liable, R. Becker.
 Second row: Coach W. Barrett, P. O'Neill, G. Romary, J. McArdle, M. Tierney, H. Stang, Brother Justin, C. S. C., (athletic director).

Kirkland

	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
Egley, F.	0	0	0
Beery, F.	5	0	10
Zimmerman, C.	4	1	9
Schladenhauffen, C.	1	0	2
Adler, G.	0	0	0
Beineke, G.	0	1	1
Borne, G.	1	0	2
Totals	11	2	24
Referee—Crowe.	Lmpire—Michaelis.		

(22) Irish Shaved by South Side (27)

Saturday night, December 27, the annual Christmas season battle was staged between South Side and Central Catholic, with the southerners leaving the floor at the end of the game with a five-point lead—27 to 22. Except for five minutes or more of play in the first quarter, South Side held the lead throughout the fracas.

The game was started with a rush when C. C. sprang into the lead on a free throw by Gillie, but the Green retaliated and at the end of the first quarter the score board read 13 to 9. Three free throws by Gillie, and a goal each by the two Romarys and O'Neill constituted the Purple's scoring for the half.

During the second quarter C. C. suffered a blow when its lanky center, Gillie, was removed from the floor on personals.

Like garlie, the Purple came back strong in the second half and on two long shots by D. Romary and Herr came within two points of tying the Green. Before the game was over South Side had had much cause to sweat, due to the constant pounding fight pressed on them by the Irish. At the end of the third period the score stood 20 to 16.

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C. C. attempted a rally through Liable, Herr and D. Romary, at the end of the game, but it had not the needed punch, and the whistle blew with South Side on the long end of a 27-22 score.

Lineup and summary:

South Side					
	G.A.	G.M.	F.A.	F.M.	P.
Beerman	11	4	2	1	2
Stump	8	2	2	0	1
Snider	5	1	1	0	2
Henderson	5	0	1	1	1
Smith	4	2	2	1	0
Ellenwood	4	2	3	2	2
Jones	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	11	11	5	8

Central Catholic					
	G.A.	G.M.	F.A.	F.M.	P.
Herr	11	2	0	0	1
D. Romary	10	3	3	2	1
O'Neill	9	1	1	1	2
Liable	6	1	1	0	1
G. Romary	2	1	0	0	1
Gillie	1	0	3	3	4
Totals	39	8	8	6	10

(31) New Haven Noses Out (30) Purple

Central Catholic traveled to New Haven Saturday, January 3, and was defeated by the Bulldogs, 31 to 30, in a rough game in which two overtime periods were necessary.

New Haven jumped into the lead at the start, and as a result led at the end of the first quarter, 8 to 4. But in the next period the Irish began to find the hoop and led, 11 to 10, when the half ended. Gillie, D. Romary and O'Neill were outstanding in offensive play.

Except for a lone basket by O'Neill in the third quarter the Purple was unable to locate the basket, and the period ended 18 to 13 in the Bulldog's favor. Then the Irish began a sensa-

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spite the fact that the latter team won 34-29. C. C. set a hot pace during the early periods and held the lead for a long time. At the end of the first quarter the Barrettmen were ahead 14-10. Early in the second half Jerry Romary, star Purple guard, was lost on personals. The Cathedral netters took advantage of this break and forged ahead 23-21 at the end of the third period. Their lead was never seriously threatened thereafter.

C. C. H. S.		Cathedral	
Herr, f.	12	Clemson, f.	9
Laible, f.	6	E. O'Connor, f.	0
Bresnahan, f.	3	Markey, f.	0
Gillie, e.	6	M. O'Connor, e.	7
McArdle, e.	0	Ford, g.	14
Murray, g.	0	Sweeney, g.	4
Romary, g.	0		
Stang, g.	3		
Becker, g.	0		
Total	29	Total	34

Irish Hand Monroeville Second Defeat

The Monroeville Cubs, seeking revenge for a defeat at the hands of the Purple earlier in the season, invaded the Irish stronghold at Library Hall, Friday evening, February 12. They battled vigorously throughout the hard fought contest, but were forced to return home unrevenged because the Irish won 21-19.

The game was interesting and rather closely-contested throughout. The Barrettmen, with the exception of a few minutes early in the first half, led during the entire contest. Their superiority was really greater than what their two-point margin of victory indicates. Only a spirited offensive rally late in the fourth quarter, which took the Barrettmen, with the exception of a few

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from a more stinging defeat. Although Monroeville led 2-1 at the close of the first quarter, the Purple forged ahead in the second period and established a 10-5 advantage at the intermission. Central Catholic continued to set the offensive pace in the third quarter, gaining a 16-10 lead.

C. C. H. S.		Monroeville	
Herr, f.	11	Crates, f.	2
Bresnahan, f.	3	Burnett, f.	0
Laible, f.	0	Bailey, f.	0
Gillie, c.	2	Ball, c.	7
McArdle, c.	2	Meese, g.	7
Romary, g.	3	Troyer, g.	3
Stang, G.	3		
Total	21	Total	19

Purple Netters Trim Ligonier

The Irish tossers completed a successful invasion into the camp of a strong Ligonier high school quintet Saturday evening, February 13, and scored an overwhelming 30-19 victory.

The Purple netters were at their best against the Ligonier aggregation. They passed cautiously and shot accurately with the result that they led throughout the rather rough contest. Bill Herr's toss from long range in the opening minutes gave the Fort Wayne five its initial lead, which by virtue of some fine offensive work by Gillie and Romary, was soon converted into a 9-4 advantage.

Ligonier staged a spirited offensive rally mid-way in the second quarter in an effort to overtake the Irish. The latter, however, spurted toward the close of the period to increase their lead to 16-10 at the intermission. The last half was somewhat of a repetition of the first. The Purple sharpshooters continued to set the offensive pace to

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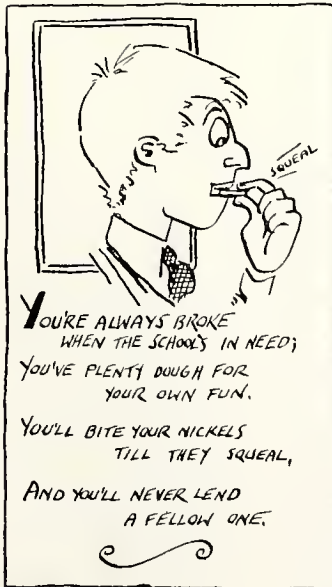
HIGH LIGHTS of the QUARTER



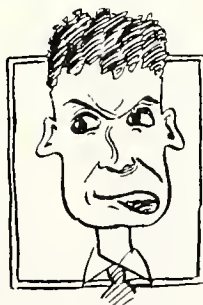
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OUR GAMES;
YOU DON'T TRY OUT FOR
OUR TEAMS
YET WHEN WE LOSE
A GAME,
YOU'RE THE FIRST TO HOWL,
IT SEEMS.



YOU THINK YOU'RE
WITTY AND A SCREAM,
YOU SPECT BIG LAUGHS FOR
EVERY CRACK.
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE
YOU'RE A BORE,
FOR, SIMP, YOU'RE JEERED
BEHIND YOUR BACK.

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TO THOSE FRIENDS WHOM THEY MAY FIT—

Tian—

Alumni Trail



Alexander M. Campbell

Central Catholic points with pride to Alexander M. Campbell of the class of 1925, who was recently admitted to the Allen county bar.

Mr. Campbell was born in Coldwater, Ohio. Shortly afterwards his family moved to Mansfield, Ohio, and in 1919 they moved to Fort Wayne, where they reside at 655 West Third street. He received his grade school education at the Bloomingdale school. In September, 1921, he enrolled at C. C. H. S. During his four years at Central Catholic he took a prominent part in oratory, dramatics and debating, and his name appeared many times on the honor roll. He was graduated from Central Catholic in June, 1925.

After graduation he enrolled in Olivet college, at Olivet, Mich. Here he completed his pre-law studies in 1927.

In September, 1927, he entered Indiana University Law school. At Indiana he again took an active part in oratory, debating and all campus activities. He was president of the senior class of 1930 at Indiana. He was appointed, by the president of the university, a member of the board of Aeons, the highest honor that can be conferred upon an Indiana university student. He won the Charles M. Niezer trophy given to two Indiana students who win the I. U. championship debate. He served as president of Delta Chi, an international college social fraternity. He is also pledged to Delta Theta Phi, an honorary legal fraternity. He was president of the Indiana University Y. M. C. A. He was graduated from Indiana university with a most impressive record for scholastic and social attainments. After graduation he was admitted to the bar, and is now associated with the law firm of Peters, Leas & Murphy, with offices in the First and Tri-State Bank building.

The faculty, alumni and students wish Mr. Campbell success in the practice of law.

James "Pat" Fullam, '30, acts as Central Catholic's official scorer at all home basketball games. By his appearance at all football and basketball games we know he has not lost any

tional passing and shooting attack that made the Bulldog play look ragged, and with deadly, accurate shooting finally knotted the count at 27 all as the gun barked. During the quarter Gillie was dismissed on personals and counts were made by Herr with eight and O'Neill with four points.

In the first overtime period both teams tallied three points each, tying the score at 30. A basket by Herr and a free throw by G. Romary constituted the visiting team's scoring. In the final overtime no baskets were counted, although New Haven scored on a charity toss which won the game. Herr was high-point man with nine points, and O'Neill followed closely with eight to share honors for the game.

New Haven

	G.	F.	T.
Moberly, F.	4	2	10
Hoetzer, F.-G.	0	0	0
Bolyard, F.	1	1	3
Moser, C.	3	1	7
Tustison, G.	3	1	7
Roemer, G.-C.	1	2	4
Totals	12	7	31

Central Catholic

	G.	F.	T.
Herr, F.	4	1	9
Liable, F.	1	0	2
O'Neill, F.-G.	4	0	8
Gillie, C.	1	1	3
D. Romary, G.	2	1	5
G. Romary, G.-C.	0	3	3
Totals	12	6	30

Referee—Pence (Fort Wayne).

(20) Irish Hop Over Kangaroos (16)

The lineups and summary:

Central Catholic

	G.	F.	T.
Herr, F.	5	0	10
O'Neill, F.	1	0	2

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Liabe, F.	1	0	2
Gillie, C.	0	0	0
D. Romary, G.	0	0	0
G. Romary, C-G.	2	2	6
Totals	9	2	20

Kirkland	G.	F.	T.
McKain, F.	3	0	6
Beery, F.	0	1	1
Zimmerman, C.	2	2	6
Borne, G.	0	1	1
Dettinger, G.	1	0	2
Totals	6	4	18

Referee—Logan (Fort Wayne).

Umpire—Alter (Fort Wayne).

(29) Rally Overwhelms Butler (21)

Butler met severe opposition when it met the Purple at Library Hall, Saturday, January 10. Although the invading team was threatening enough in the first half of a fast and well-played game, it was unable to stand a tremendous rally staged by the Irish during the last half, and as a result found itself on the short end of a 29-21 score. G. Romary was best for C. C., with a total of eight points. O'Neill, Don Romary, Gillie and Herr claimed the other 21 points, which were evenly divided amongst the four.

Central Catholic	G.	F.	T.
Herr, F.	2	0	4
Liabe, F.	0	0	0
Ohse, F.	0	0	0
Gillie, C.	1	3	5
G. Romary, C-G.	4	0	0
O'Neill, G.	3	0	6
Becker, G.	0	0	0
D. Romary	3	0	6
Totals	13	8	29

Butler	G.	F.	T.
Smith, F.	1	4	6
Blaker, F.	3	4	10
Aldrich, C.	1	0	2
Loomis, G.	0	0	0
Weicht, G.	1	1	3
Totals	6	9	21

Referee—Stahl (Fort Wayne).

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fellow did not guess what he was up to, and provided he did not immediately improve his accuracy with the machine guns, it was possible that he might succeed in forcing him to go around him, as it were.

He nosed his ship upwards. His pursuer followed. Upwards they went, both ships losing speed. Then suddenly the German went into a loop, a maneuver which ended him below and to the rear of Loomis. He was a clever German indeed, for he had seen through Loomis' actions and had immediately stepped out of the trap. Was there no outwitting the fellow?

Loomis looked around to see how his comrades were making it. Portor, who was the closest to him, was having difficulties of his own with a certain Von Somebody or Other whose name was painted on the side of his ship. Harris, on the other hand, seemed to be getting the best of his man, and Rogers was at that moment following his opponent's flaming ship down toward the earth. Smith was far off to the right playing tag with his man in the clouds.

Then suddenly Portor's ship burst into flames. Around and around it circled and Loomis could see a mass of smoke and flame burst forth from the cockpit and over poor Portor's body. His hands left the controls and were raised high over his head as his ship went into a sickening dive toward the ground. Poor Portor! It looked like he wasn't going to get that sleep after all, at least not the pleasant kind he was thinking of.

At almost the same instant Harris got his man. One of his bullets must have found the fellow's head, for the

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German slumped over and allowed his ship to go into a spin. Harris followed him down, to protect himself against a ruse, but it was not necessary.

Three of the German ships had been shot down, while only Portor had been lost from their number. That left four of them against the remaining three German planes. But as matters then stood, Smith and Loomis were left alone in the air with the three Germans. Both Harris and Rogers had followed their men down and had not yet returned to the combat. Harris was at that moment skimming over the ground above his opponent's crashed plane, while Rogers was still two thousand feet below them. Minutes, even seconds, were precious in such an encounter and it would take some time for them to climb back.

When Portor fell, his opponent looked about to see where he could be most useful. If luck were with him, he might be able to eliminate still another plane before the two returned from below. It would be silly to dive down on one of them and have both of them turn upon him. Loomis was the closest, still tailed by the clever one.

Closing in behind, the German commenced pouring his fire upon Loomis. Then he dived and began shooting from underneath. Loomis felt a queer burning sensation in his right leg. His ship quivered as something parted. Throwing his stick forward, he went into a dive, barely missing Rogers, who was coming to his assistance. Down, down he went, gathering such tremendous speed that he was afraid he would pull the wings off when he attempted to pull out.

The ground seemed to be rushing up

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to meet him. He pulled back vigorously on the stick, expecting every second to hear a wing crack. His mind told him that he was coming out of the dive, but could he straighten out enough to miss the tree tops that were below him?

In a brief second his whole life seemed to pass before him. He thought of his mother back in Indiana. He thought of college, and of Harris. He remembered how he had winced when, just three days ago, he had caught a bullet in the arm. And how he had cursed Harris for putting the adhesive tape on too tight. He could see Portor throw up his arms as he went down in flames. He could hear the Major saying, "And I want you all back here by nine o'clock—preferably alive." Then he heard a shriek—a splitting crash—and a sensation as though he were being hurtled through space.

The Major sat silently at his table when Harris walked in. Without even looking up he said, "Three of you back. Well, who was it this time?"

Harris stood before him silently for a few seconds. Then he raised his eyes with something of an effort.

"We met a squadron northeast of here, soon after we crossed the lines. There were six of them. We were getting the best of it. Then I saw twelve more coming from the north. We had to run for it. We got three of the six. We lost Portor and—Loomis."

Both of the men were silent for a brief period; then the Major asked, softly, "Give me more details. How did Portor and Loomis go down?"

"Portor and Loomis shot down one of the planes—the first. It landed

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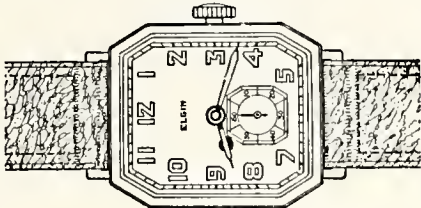
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safely in a field, but I think the pilot was badly wounded. Rogers and myself got the other two—completely destroyed and pilots killed. Portor went down in flames and didn't have a chance. Von Bernstorff got him. Loomis lost control of his ship and crashed in a wood. Complete smashup. Von Bernstorff and another on his tail at the time."

"Two of them?"

"Yes."

"Well," the Major sighed, "it's a sorry business, but it can't be helped. See that your men get some sleep. The entire squadron goes out at noon."

When Loomis regained consciousness he found himself lying at the base of a large tree in a pool of muddy water. For several minutes he lay quietly, afraid to move lest one of his arms or legs would drop off. Then, he was not at all sure that he was in the same world he had been in before. He tried an arm. It seemed to be all right. He tried a leg. Something was the matter with it. Then he remembered that the Dutchman with his name on the side of his ship had nipped him from underneath. He tried it again. Not so bad after all. He believed he could walk on it.

Pulling himself out of the mud puddle he slowly got to his feet. His leg pained him, but he could walk on it if he had to. He hobbled over to a tree and looked about him.

His plane had crashed in the tree tops on the edge of what seemed to be a large wood. Less than a hundred feet to the south was an open field. That would be dangerous for him, for

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he remembered that he was in German territory.

His ship was a complete wreck. He found the engine fifty feet away, sunk deep into the mud, while the wings and most of the fusilage remained clinging to the trees. How he had ever escaped with his life he could not imagine.

He wondered what he was to do. His leg needed bandaging and he was hungry. From the position of the sun it must be nearly eleven o'clock, and he hadn't eaten for seven hours. His own trenches lay to the south, but he dared not go out into the open country for fear of immediate capture. Surely the Germans had seen his fall and were probably at that moment looking for his ship. He wondered how long he had been unconscious. In any event, it would be wise to get as far away from the scene of his crash as possible and without the loss of further time. He broke off a heavy branch to serve as a cane and moved off towards the center of the woods.

He walked for perhaps half an hour, stopping every few minutes to listen intently for footsteps. And it was good that he took that precaution for soon he heard, in the distance and coming towards him, the sound of many men marching through the thicket. He dropped behind a huge clump of bushes and waited, startled by the loneliness of his own breathing.

Soon they were abreast of him. There were fourteen men and an officer—Germans, of course. They were headed in the direction from which he had come. It was possible that they were looking for his plane and, incidentally, himself. But still, they seemed to be in no hurry. They were

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carrying something. Yes, it was another officer. He was wounded.

Loomis waited until their footsteps could no longer be heard, then moved off in the direction from which they had come. Another half hour, then he sighted an open field ahead. Approaching cautiously, for he had no idea what lay ahead, he came to the clearing. There was a broad, flat field and, could he believe his eyes, not two hundred feet away stood a German plane.

He wanted to rush out on the field and climb into the cockpit, but at the same instant he saw something else. Sprawled out in the shade of one of the wings were two German soldiers, their rifles lying at their feet. They appeared to be asleep, but even if they were he couldn't very well steal the plane out from under their very noses. He wondered if they were asleep. Putting his fingers to his lips he whistled shrilly.

One of the Germans sat upright and looked around. The other raised up on his elbows. For several minutes they peered in his direction, then satisfied that they had heard only a bird both of them settled down to their former positions. Loomis again whistled, hoping that he might lure the men away from their charge. This time both of the Germans scampered to their feet and picked up their rifles. Loomis dropped behind a large stump and waited. He whistled again and again. He saw the men talking, then one of them advanced towards him, rifle in hand. Closer the man came, reached the edge of the wood, not fifty feet from where Loomis lay crouching, and stopped, undecided. Loomis reached for his service automatic. The German

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peered through the trees and then, growing bolder, entered the wood. He passed within fifteen feet of where Loomis lay.

There was a loud report and the German fell with a shriek. Without waiting to see whether his shot had been fatal, Loomis rushed forward and snatched up the man's rifle. There were two of them, he remembered, and a rifle against a rifle would be much more practical than a rifle against a stubby automatic. He darted behind a tree. The other German was rushing across the field in the direction of the shot. Perhaps he thought it was his friend's gun that he had heard. Another shot rang out from the woods. The second German fell forward on his face, his rifle clattering on the hard earth before him.

The shots would be heard, of course, by the line of men that had passed Loomis in the woods. Some of them would return to investigate. There was not a minute to lose.

Forgetting his wounded leg, Loomis raced two hundred feet to the plane. When he reached it the truth dawned upon him. This was the plane he and Portor had shot down no more than five or six hours before. The wounded man the Germans were carrying through the forest was the pilot. He couldn't understand why it had taken them so long to find it, but then he wasn't going to worry about that.

He had seen its propeller stop in the air after he and Portor had emptied several hundred shells into it. Probably a cylinder or two were cracked. In that event he could never hope to escape in it.

He examined the motor quickly. It

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looked all right. Perhaps it was the gas line. Yes, there it was, severed neatly by a steel bullet. Could he repair it before the men returned, and was there any gas in the tank? He would have to chance that. With a small pocket knife he whittled off the jagged edges of the broken tube of copper and fitted them together. If he only had something to fasten them! His leg was beginning to pain him now, and he felt that the wound in his arm had also been torn open. Damn Harris for putting that tape on too tight. Tape! That was just what he wanted. He tore off his jacket and threw it on the ground. Rolling up his sleeve he tore off a long piece of the precious sticky cloth. Quickly he wrapped it around the broken gas line.

He wondered if the German had shut the gas off, thereby saving some of the fluid that was so precious to him then. He rushed to the cockpit. Yes, God bless him, he had. He turned it on. What was next? Compression, of course. He broke contact and rushed to the nose of the ship. Disregarding his arm, which was quite painful by that time, he tugged at the propeller. He turned it over once, twice, again. Darting under the wing, he made contact. How precious the moments were. Those Germans would be returning any minute now. With a mighty tug he jerked at the propeller. The motor sputtered. He again broke contact and turned at the blade. Twice, three

times, four times. It would start now. He made contact and returned to the propeller. A mighty effort, a spin, an explosion—success. The motor began to roar.

Above the noise of the explosions of the motor he heard a queer whistling sound. A rifle bullet had passed close to his head. Four of the Germans were at the edge of the wood, not two hundred feet away. He leaped into the cockpit. There was a terrific roar and a flurry of dust. The wheels began to move. Faster, faster. He held his breath. All four of them were firing on him now. The ground lowered away from him. He was off the ground. He was safe!

Ten minutes later Loomis was flying over Allied territory. An occasional anti-aircraft exploded near him. The ground lizzards had trained their guns on him. Why not? He was in a German plane. He wondered if he could get back to the airdrome without stopping one of those shells, or without meeting up with Allied planes. The Major would see that he got a medal for bringing that German ship back. They could put that to very good use. Only twenty miles more and he would make it.

Loomis looked to the right. Good God, twenty Allied planes! Was it—could it be—yes, it was the 109th, his own outfit.

The Major looked up as Harris entered. "Well, what luck?"

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Harris shrugged his shoulders. "Not a bit, Major. Only found one ship during the whole afternoon. Guess we scared 'em out this morning. Nervy bugger though. Can you beat it, one lone Dutchman wandering around five miles behind our lines?"

"Where?"

"Twenty miles to the north."

"Who got him?"

"I did. There wasn't another German in sight, so I took him on alone. That's more consideration than they gave poor Loomis. It sort of evens up things for me."

"Much of a scrap?"

"No. His guns must have jammed. He never fired a shot. Sort of hated to shoot him down, but I couldn't let him go. No telling what he was there for. I wonder what he was doing there?"

"Probably trying to get somewhere," the Major laughed. "Well, you've had a hard day, Harris. Better rest up."

On the way out Harris stopped before the blackboard. Loomis' name had been lately added to those who had died in action.

"One of them to even up the score, old pal," he said. "And there will be a lot more."

He walked out slowly, still muttering to himself.

"I wonder what happened to Loomis? I'll bet he died like a man."

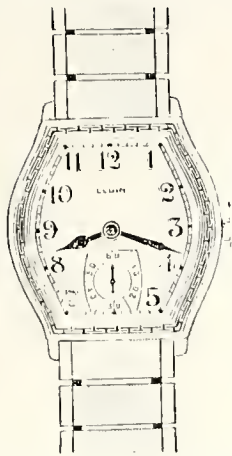
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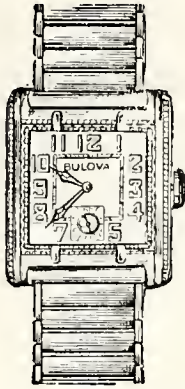
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